

PO BOX 6834 ← NOSEDIVE
PORTLAND OR
97228



PORTLANDER WALTER EARL DEVINE BACK HOME FROM
2 YEAR BIKE TOUR OF THE COUNTRY. 1950.

BEING ON THE WEST COAST IS LIKE DOING TIME

I had severe I-5 nostalgia last week driving north outta Portland to Bremerton. Flooded with drug stories, breakdowns, broken hearts, the bad luck good luck continuum coming back to me. I don't like the 5 very much most of the time but leaving Oregon I realized I'd missed it. Three months since I'd last been on it. Coming back down from Olympia last night at midnight fog wind rain cop paranoia bumpy road I didn't miss the 5 at all making every one hour trip turn into days.

This summer I had a ride promised as far as New Orleans which was pretty damn good, but I couldn't wait for him so I had to leave early I took a greyhound up to Oly and chose to sit next to a hippieish 1st nationish old lady. As greyhound does, this woman was actually a white supremacist from so. cal. with a severe tan going up to Alaska to seek a simpler volksgrund life. She hated mexicans, so I told her my name was Alejandro and that my father was mexican. We didn't talk for the last hour of the trip. I got off and took a nice long walk up 4th ave to where I was staying. 4th ave teenage cruisin crazy on a friday night. Up to Jason's where I had the unique experience to me of where everyone else was stoned but I wasn't. Friendly fucked up strangers we talked about russia and made gross snacks. Next day I went down to the 5 and sat with my thumb out, off to Seattle to stay with people I didn't really know. Hot sun that day made me a little crazy, I'd decided that whoever would pick me up well this would be indicative of my whole trip. I tried to look friendly and collegiate but no luck. Finally two punx stealing the company mini van for the weekend picked me up and I was surprised that they knew people I knew and I knew people they knew. Odd luck and that had never happened to me and I had always secretly wished to be picked up by members of my 'peer group'. lucky lucky lucky. I have a charmed life and that's how my summer was.

I have decided that this is it for portland. 14 years here and its time to go on to less green pastures. I've talked of moving away for a long time. When I was 19 it was berkeley. reading tooo many east bay fanzines listening to lookout too much I went there & was disappointed in it. I understood then that things that everything I wanted wasn't always what I'd get. Or maybe that expectations about rock scenes were silly. When I was seventeen it was DC that I wanted to move to. & when I was 19 I ended up there for two months 2 years past a severe discord fixation. I met and saw people that I'd idolized a couple of years before and that was odd. odd. but I was happy I was over it.

That was a long trip that summer. Almost four years ago. The night before I left I'd dropped acid with my friend Jimmy, and we walked around burnside & Lloyd center ending up at his house at 4 am. I was leaving in part because of a girl I was trying to escape. My first real long relationship that I'd ended and I had to clear out physically cause I couldn't mentally. On that trip with my cousins in Northern Wisconsin we'd went to a subway and the girl working left the roll of sub club stamps on the counter (12* a half foot). I snagged about 30 I think. Enough to fill up one card and half fill another.

This summer I'd had enough of Portland, 14 years here. I had to clear out physically cause I couldn't mentally. I had so much shit though, I mean shit too. I'd given away what I could, sold what I could, but was still left with piles of crap I'd found, clothing that none no companies would take. I left the unsellable books in front of powell's, the records in front of the ozone with a few years worth of mrrs as a bonus, and I'd decided that all the torn up fucked up clothes were going to be stapled up to telephone

CONTRIBUTORS
ARE BEAUTIFUL
Tom G., Kathy M.,
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non Killme Day,
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& Arika Oglesbee.
GRAPHIC ASSISTANCE
Rachel Chacha & Lyn
Star.
This issues
theme is history,
losing shit, trans-
cience, optimism,
broken jaws, &
strokes.
This will not be
next issues theme.

Feel free to re-
produce anything
in all of this, if
your print run is
500+ please ask
first.



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YEAR OF THE OX - MY YEAR - 1997

INOSDIVE!
is available directly from me for \$1.00 + 3 stamps
Old issues = 2 stamps. Trade is also heavily
encouraged. TRADES PLEASE. My address is
**PO BOX 6834 PORTLAND, OR
97208**

A The Secret Press/Armageddon Sound System Co-Production

Extra Credit: Ben Todd did Mothman, Christine Denk did Life without TV Episode 4, Quincy Kaylor-Gaunt did the heroic trio drawing, & Matthew Hattietlein did The individuality comic story. Tom Greenwood made the stencil arrows, & Everything else that isn't stated is by me. The Saint on the inside cover is for a project Dwayne & I did about a year ago called 100 Saints, & they were all affixed to Christmas lights & it looked real purty. So those got cut up for this & Dwayne made the next 100 all by himself. Thank you to Scott & Sean for use of a beautiful quiet space to write, draw & spt. Thanks to the Kathy Molloy Resource & Clip Art Center. Thank you to Moe Bowstern & Dwayne for anal opening ride.

Dog Update

Randall: stroked but
good. Lester: still
bitin. Mercury: sweet
& stupid. Lucy: tom
boy. Ginger: Louder
than love. Ponchy:
still hyper. Humphrey:
lazy. Esme: another
tom boy. Lupe: sweet.
Larri: hell on earth.
Cuba: random.
Kio: dignified & needy.
Cat O: Jasper, Pork
Chop, Pookelawn.
Cathate: Ted Bunde.

NEXT ISSUES THEM
WILL BE BICYCLES & IT
WILL BE 40% PICTURES
SEND PHOTOS OR ART
TO ME OF YOU AND
YOUR BICYCLE. IT
WILL BE DONE BY SUM
MER. NOTECH BIKES



bay leaf, turmeric and a green chili... stirrin' frequently using it to a boil- after it boils reduce the heat to low, cover and simmer until the dal is soft- mung dal (split) cooks quickly. heat up some oil in a sauce pan and in rapid succession add cumin seeds, fenugreek seeds, black mustard seeds, dried red chili and some type of sweetener- when it caramelizes dump it in the cooked dal... let it sit a few minutes covered off the heat then add cilantro or parsley. i don't give amounts on spices cause everyone favors different spices and should decide for themselves how much to add- i've been on a real cardamom kick lately. how about some carrot soup... toss a dozen carrots in a pot with two onions some parsley and 6 cups of water... boil and simmer for a couple hours... pull out the carrot and onion and blend 'em- when you dump the blend back in add some yogurt or heavy cream and nutmeg. borscht... i like to make it just so i can say it over and over- borscht... three chopped carrots, an onion, 2 cups worth o' beets, 2 cups o' stock, one quarter of a cabbage shredded and the juice from 2 lemons... boil the carrots, onion and beet in just enough water to cover 'em simmer for a half hour... add the stock, cabbage and lemon juice simmer for another 15 minutes... dump in some yogurt or sour cream just after blendin'. there was also this roasted garlic soup that had potato broth and dairy- it was good, real good- olive oil roasted garlic and onions- i don't remember if there were spices or not? there might of been nutmeg as i was addin' it to everythin' at this time and that sounds good to me right now. oats cooked with nutmeg and shoved into the blender with coconut milk and honey was a real life saver, as was this 12 grain cereal with cardamom, coconut milk and honey- these had to be thin like a smoothie... i found quinoa extremely cooperative but you have to mark it as millet cause it's too expensive- it was really the only grain i bothered addin' to my grouch / soups as the others i tried kept cloggin' up my wires- wire cloggin' sucks, it's frustratin'... smoothies helped relieve the frustration- frozen bananas (i'd gotten a bunch for free) and whatever fruit i could scare up mixed with herbs (lots o' slippery elm) and rice or soy milk (oh ya i used this body builder high performance crap without any sugars in it that i'd found at the freight damaged place for cheap- it tasted kind of chalky but was loaded with vitamins, amino acids and carbs) spirulina and some other high octane grass powder (stuff i'd gotten free cause it cost too much) when i could too.

it's all the same texture for 6 weeks.
which brings me back to my grass eatin' dog and his stroke... my winter wasn't all that bad it could of been alot worse... randall sue juanita francesca cous cous tumor chicken brandy bramble bucket papa grandpa sue- the good dog... 12 or 13 is startin' to get up there in dog life span and so i was expectin' some type o' old age signs to start showin'- a couple years back randall was limpin' on a rear leg that he'd injured in a fall years before- i'd been told to expect some arthritis to kick in... well after awhile i got my shit together and started researchin' what could be done to help... kelp helped alot, to the point where he doesn't limp any longer and rarely gets all stiff... so with that success and helpin' him through kennel cough real fast without antibiotics i was feelin' a little cocky about my ability to help out... but i was not prepared for the reality of a stroke... it was the saddest thing- a broken jaw sucked but this made my heart hurt... he'd lean to one side to the point where he couldn't really walk after it first happened... he had a hard time maneuverin' and seemed

confused- indecisive... we (we meanin' my long time good friend brian and my partner arika- throughout my most difficult winter i recieved continuous support from a plethora of komrads who all made sure to show what i knew was inside 'em) took him to the vet for an exam... they looked at his eyes, listened to the heart (irregular beat) and did some reflex tests - yep they confirmed that he'd had a stroke and suggested several different herbal combinations, chinese medicine and a flower essence (i'd never used a flower essence before and am glad to be able to report that they can work real good)... we (arika and i) talked it over and decided to get two tinctures instead because of both the price and speed with which they enter and effect the system. we ended up with a flower essence of scleranthus and combo tinctures of catus / hawthorne and gotu kola / ginko. it was truly amazin' to watch how fast and how far randall recovered... the scleranthus was supposed to help the indecision / confusion and within a couple days he'd ditched the cloud that'd been hangin' over him... by the end of a two week period he'd gotten his balance back, regained confidence and shown on a trip to the forest complete control of motor skills not to mention a spring chicken like spunk.

i know randall's gettin' old (sometimes i look at him and get freaked out thinkin' he's not breathin') and i've got the understandin' in my head that he's gonna die sooner than later (i've been with him 9 years now) and this is what's led me (along with a second dog comin' into my life- lester- lester's a real piece of work as they say- i could go on and on about him and his issues / problems, but i'd better save it for later- i love lester and his snort cough) to start informin' myself about dogs and how to help them out.

so i'll give a short run down on some of the most basic / simple things that i've found to help the beasts we claim to take care of... get some decent food... a lot of those fancy new wave expensive foods still have shitty preservatives in them- animals in humans care have high cancer rates and it's thanks to preservatives and vaccines... get a food preserved with mixed tocopherols (a vitamin e source) most of the vets and books will tell ya to make food for 'em and i do this to differin' degrees... simple things.. look at the preservatives (vit e), i've found 40 pound bags for 15 bucks which doesn't seem to bad... no shots, just don't do it (if there isn't an alterna vet around get a book that has some listings and write, there are options to vaccinations) they fuck up the animals and in the second place boosters are unnecessary... fresh raw veggies make dogs happy - when we lived in new orleans and were doing fmb the dogs ate all kinds of different fruit and veggie treats... garlic helps with fleas and along with ginger helps clean out toxins... nutritional yeast also helps with fleas and adds to the diet... grains- (ones that aren't already in the dry food) millets cheap so are oats... for older dogs joints become a big deal- vitamin e and c plus kelp helps alot (besides being a good mineral supplement)- if ya give aspirin make sure it's buffered- white willow bark and feverfew have helped my friends the dogs. lets see food, in a metal or glass bowl if possible, water, again glass if possible, shelter (on the bed under the covers whenever they think it's possible) and some exercise, thats about it... winters almost over now and i have survived, i even did and learnt a bunch of new things.

NESTER AGNT-DKEY

poles around my town.

Al Al came with me and we did it. Down mississippi, old town, up ankeny, back down burnside, and around lloyd center. we got som some beer and hung out in front of an apartment building until an old lady told us to shut up. We went to Jimmy's house hoping his housemates wouldn't come home and wonder why two strangers were drinking on their front porch. But ofcourse Jimmy showed up and it was around 4am and we talked and talked and Jimmy told me a story about being bored on a hot day walking down Burnside and deciding that he was gonna go into Union Jack's, get a cold beer and watch some strippers (something he'd never done before) and who was dancing but the same girlfriend from four years ago who I ran from. & Al my friend since I was 14 his ex wife had just asked me out on a date and is it any wonder why this town drives me nuts. never never never

This summer in Minneapolis

I left the next day and about a month later in Minneapolis, downtown of all places trying to kill time to get something to eat when diggin thru my pocket found this sub club card that I'd been carrying with me 4 years old with a bunch of stamps stolen from northern wisconsin and got myself a free foot long vegetarian sub with all the fixins.

Minneapolis fun & sad. I liked it there. The structure of the city reminded me of a north west city that I couldn't put my finger on but I could relate to. I was travelling with Tom, and Tom had lived there a while ago & everyday we'd run into people he knew. Some great but most sad all interesting. "Are you taking care of yourself?" this is secret code amongst old friend asking are you clean? "yes".

Jen/J/Jennifer was great. She took me to the sculpture garden and afterwards we got an afterhours tour of a really old methodist church from a femmy catholic in exile church work veteran. I got to play on a pipe organ bigger then the three story house I'm staying at right now. the sad sad why sad was everyone else we ran into sad cause they all had a history he was great writer, him a great painter she had a radio show good grafitti etc but at this point they were all damaged addicted old seeming cruel and at one point so special so on it but now just pathetic. wondering about Tom's own involvement, how he got started doing dope, in the back of my head with some prejudice thinking that junkies don't know what they're getting in to, and me way before this had seen the damage (as tom said after you grew up in portland) and therefore I know so I never would but the truth is that you can know beforehand and me saying never never is the biggest lie ever. & me at least I know I'm not special and maybe that's the only edge I have.

This is the 7th issue & finished fresh in January 1997. My Address is PO Box 6834 PORTLAND OR 97228.X

This is #7. finished late in Feb. 1997 hopefully not early march but maybe early march.

#7 finally done finished March 15th, 1997.



IN THIS CITY
OF A THOUSAND
MILLION BOARDED
UP BEAUTIFUL OLD
HOMES W/BROKEN
DOWN DOORS &
DARK INTERIORS
THERE ARE SOME
OF THE UGLIEST
PROJECTS I'VE
EVER SEEN SINCE
I WAS IN KOMINIST
RUSSIA & THEY
ARE FULL-JAM
PACKED WITH
HUMAN LIFE & THE
FEW THAT ARE EM-
PTY GOT RAZOR
WIRE AROUND
EM TO CUT YOU LIKE
A KNIFE & ALL THESE
OTHER BOARDED UP
BUILDINGS, WE'LL I GUESS
THEY'RE UNSAFE - NO
ELECTRICITY NO WATER -
ARE THEY UNSAFER
THAN THESE PROJECTS?
NOT JUST IN COMPACTNESS
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE
PSYCHIC DAMAGE ON
THE PLAYDOH MINDS
OF CHILDREN?

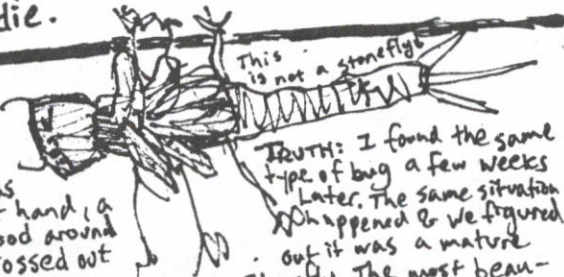
LEARNIN CENTRE



The Caddisfly (periwinkle)
creates Temporary Auto-
nomous Zones by
spitting on shit
they find & making

them into hard protective shells. The ul-
timate junkers, they scavenge for food &
are Masters of camouflage. They come out of
the water at the end of their 2 year life to
fly clumsily for a couple of days & fuck. WAHOO!
Then they die.

TRUTH: Carrie
found a beau-
tiful large
flying bug &
picked it up, it was
crawling all over hand, a
group of kids stood around
fascinated & gossiped out
at the same time.



TRUTH: I found the same
type of bug a few weeks
later. The same situation
happened & we figured
out it was a mature
stonefly. The most beau-
tiful & exquisite wings I'd
ever seen, looked like leaded
glass with a mean red & black
body underneath.

LAMPREY are
amazing little
critters. Prehistoric
like sharks, their body
structure is cartilage
not bone. They have 7
gills, & thus are fiercely
assymetrical. They are
also anadromous: born in
fresh water, mature in the
ocean, & come back up
& spawn. They are sum
suckin parasites. They
live in muddy areas when
they're young, looking
like sleek worms. When
they're older & bigger
they look like eels, their
mouth are pink & scary
& gross. They hitch rides
upstream on other fish with
their sucky mouths.



WATER BOATMEN
are pretty much every-
where. Their the
working stiffs of the
streams & ponds. Eat &
shit; that's what they
do. They're called
boatmen cause of
their oars. They carry
oxygen in a little bubble
called a plastron on
their belly. Tasty
food for larger insects
which are tasty food
for smaller fish which
are tasty food for lo-

keep them



well you ain't got no home

RESERVE

COMMUNITY

CORPORATE



US RESERVE

more

more

more

more

more

Well I haven't actually had too much fun @ the library lately as lots of stuff I want to see is in the stacks & now that they're moving most of the stacks won't be available until April not to mention that along with earthquake proofing the old building they did some pretty serious remodeling too which naturally will be butt ugly. But I got back in a fiction swing & I've read some good stuff.

In The Time Of The Butterflies by Julia Alvarez I'm a real sucker for auto/biographies - it combines a personal voice with history & facts! I love facts. This isn't a biography actually but a fictionalized history. It's amazing, it's about 4 Dominican sisters, 3 of which were killed as revolutionaries & the 4th of course is the one who lived to tell about it. Best damn book I read all year. I read it in 2 days, I cried, & I gave it to my mom for Christmas.

Hannah Hoch: Cut With The Kitchen Knife I'd really like to find a biography of Hannah Hoch cause she's really interesting - German woman in the first half of the century, queer, anti-fascist, early photo-montage, doll maker. Scrammy fucked up art, focussed lots on image of women & gender & androgyny. Pretty pretty pretty.

While England Sleeps by Iain Sinclair is a pretty good not great novel, about two boys in London in the 50s, one a middle class unsuccessful writer & the other one a lower class metro worker who are in love. Spanish Civil War is the backdrop/catalyst for a lot of about class, denial, love, hate, betrayal. Entertaining read but I didn't like the main character who is kinda The Point. I guess, but oh well. Rodchenko their's about 3 books studying Alexander Rodchenko's art. Very diverse art, Constructivist, revolutionary, & made some of the best posters (with good ad copy by Mayakovsky like "cigarettes, I only buy from Ikhvostik, the worker's smoke" photography, advertising, painting, & goldmann right he is the most handsome bald man in a jumpsuit. He was married to an equally prolific & talented artist/revolutionary Varvara Stepanova & the library doesn't have any books about her which is a crime, make a request for one like I did.

Junglee Girl by Iain Sinclair are really good short stories by a young Indian American. The stories are set in India & America. Lots of stuff about gender, class, & sexuality set in the extreme framework of Indian familial culture. There's a good pervo energy to many of these

stories & I believe 'Junglee' means wild. Seventeen Syllables by Hisaye Yamamoto is another great collection of short stories mostly set in Calif. She has a really good, strong voice, & the stories have a lightness to them that I liked. A few of the stories are set in internment camps which was good to read about.

The Money Vetch Gang by Edward Abbey I've known of for a long time but always avoided cause of pre-judicial hippy connections. But it's a really a good pulpy read about F.S.U. in the SW, an oddball crew doing it, & my favorite thing is the technical detail he goes into describing their actions. Fun.

The Gangster Of Love by Jessica Hagedorn Story of Phillip/Omerican girl coming of age into the rock world of the 70s/80s. Drugs, Art, Love, yes, Family, History, Culture yes. Some parts I thought were cheesy but still highly recommended. Duvigne tells me her other book The Dogaters is better, trippier.

Living My Life is Emma Goldman's horking autobiography. Two volumes but definitely very good & inspiring. I like that she's so tough, confident, & committed. I also like that she digests people throughout the book that I've never heard of. Strongly focused on action, & not compromising. An amazing chronicle of US history.

How The Garcia Girls Lost Their Accents is Julia Alvarez's other novel, once again about 4 sisters although these ones being first generation immigrants in NYC. I wanted it to be longer because at the end of 400 pages I'd just started getting used to the characters. Oh well. Four different first person accounts of family life & are very beautifully done.

I've been trying to be extra nice to the librarians because the recent budget cuts are really fucking them badly. Some branches are closing. While other hours are reduced. I never liked how they unceremoniously found to fail funding in the ballot initiatives so maybe this is their karmic retribution but it still sucks. The North Portland branch is by far the best branch, in a beautiful old brick building. It's a comfortable place to hang out w/ a big black history section. I hope they don't close it.

IF I HAD A HAMMER...

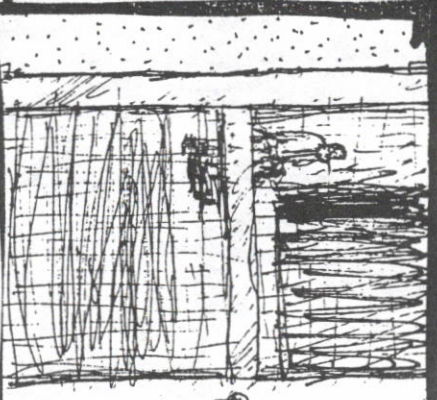


ONCE UPON A SUMMERTIME I WAS WORKING IN A SUBURBAN RESTAURANT AS A COCKTAIL WAITRESS. THREE ASSYRIAN BROTHERS RAN THE PLACE, THE DAVID BROTHERS. YONAN DAVID MANAGED THE BAR, JOSEPH DAVID HAD THE KITCHEN AND THE DINING ROOM BELONGED TO THE ELDEST BROTHER, DAVID DAVID.

EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT AROUND 10, FOUR OR FIVE DAPPER MUSTACHIOS WALKED THROUGH THE RESTAURANT. TO THE TINY BANQUET ROOM. I SERVED ONE ROUND OF DRINKS, DAVID SHUT THE DOUBLE DOORS FROM THE INSIDE AND THEY PLAYED POKER ALL NIGHT LONG. I'D CLEAN UP, GET MY BACKPACK, HAVE THAT LAST WHISKEY FOR THE DRIVE HOME AND THE LIGHT WOULD STILL BE CRACKING UNDER THE DOOR. LAUGHTER.

I MADE MY FIRST 40-YEAR-OLD FRIEND THAT SUMMER. PAM WAS A TOUGH FEMMY BARTENDER WHO TAUGHT ME A LOT ABOUT LIQUOR, COCKTAILING AND CIGARETTES. ALWAYS SERVE SAMBUCA WITH THREE WHOLE COFFEE BEANS—FATHER, SON, HOLY GHOST—TO WARD OFF THE EVILS THAT COME WITH DRINK. KEEP A FRESH ASHTRAY ON THE TABLE. LOOK THE OTHER WAY WHEN THE SILENT PARTNER IN THE RESTAURANT, AN ASSYRIAN COUSIN, BEATS HIS ANGLLO GIRLFRIEND AT THE DINNER TABLE. PAM SMOKED MOLES, THIN BROWN CIGARETTES. "BARTENDER CIGARETTES," SHE SAID. "THEY GO OUT IN THE ASHTRAYS SO YOU DON'T WASTE 'EM, JUST RELIGHT 'EM." BEST & PART OF SMOKING IS LIGHTING UP, ANYWAY.

After about 10 minutes more I'd given up! The thrill gone I went outside. I got a glass of water & heard voices outside. I went to the front door to see what the fuckers looked like.



Right outside outdoor on the sidewalk was our neighbor, his girlfriend her on her knees trying to suck his dick. Him with a beer of smoke in one hand! Seeing her awww, with his other. I felt like I was watching TV. I felt sick.



I walked back inside & went to bed. I had dreams about people nothing & fucking at the same time. Heard excrement flying thru the air.

FIN

MUCH AS I LOVE WORKING WITH PUBLIC SCHOOL KIDS, MUCH AS I LOVE SEASONAL WORK & THE MIGRATORY HABIT IT INSPIRES IN ME, ONE THING I KNOW FOR SURE IS THAT WORKING FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM WILL SUCK YOUR SOUL. SO I'M GETTING WHILE THE GETTING'S GOOD. BEFORE I HATE MY JOB, BEFORE I HATE THE KIDS. TWO VERY GOOD RESOURCES ON DESCHOOLING / FREESCHOOLING / TEACHING & DROPPING OUT ARE 1) THE TEENAGE LIBERATION HANDBOOK BY GRACE LLEWELLYN AVAILABLE AT FINER SMALL PRESS STORES & 2) DROP OUT! ZINE AVAILABLE FOR A BUCK FROM

Java born on water surface. Sinks. grows. gathers shit for shell. Eats shit. gets chased. hides. eats shit. gets chased. hides. x 3. Closes ending. Bumps around inside of shell. Breaks out & floats to top. Meets other Caddisfly. They hump. Drop some eggs & die.

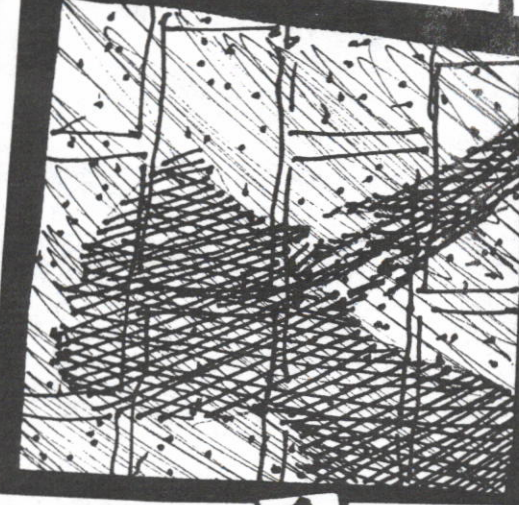
MY DOMAIN WAS THE LOUNGE, A BUNCH OF TABLES AND A PIANO BAR. LARRY CAME IN WEDNESDAYS THROUGH SATURDAYS AND PLAYED LOTSA CHEESY GOOD TIME SONGS. "SOME ENCHANTED EVENING" "MISTY" "SMOKEGETS IN YOUR EYES" HE PLAYED A BEATLES MEDLEY WHENEVER ANYONE

UNDER 40 WALKED IN. ONE DRUNK NIGHT LARRY AND I GOT TO TALKING AND I WENT OVER TO HIS HOUSE IN AN ADJACENT SUBURB, HE NEEDED A RIDE HOME. ON THE WAY HE TALKED ABOUT THE GREATNESSES OF SUBURBAN LIVING - CHEAP RENT, BIG HOUSE, SAFE. YUK, NEXT NIGHT, WORK WAS ABUZE WITH PLANS FOR LARRY'S AND MY WEDDING, AND HE TOLD PEOPLE ALL NIGHT LONG HOW AMAZING I WAS BECAUSE I KNEW THE STORY OF TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.

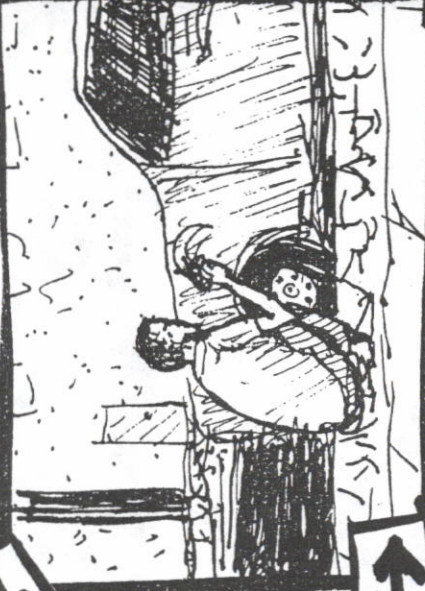
THEY LIKED ME THERE, THOUGHT I WAS REALLY SMART BECAUSE I COULD REMEMBER A DRINK ORDER BETWEEN THE CUSTOMER AND THE BAR. THEY WERE GROOMING ME. "BABY, YOU COULD BE A PRO." PAM SAID. SHE CALLED EVERYONE BABY. SLOW NIGHTS PAM HAD TO CHAT UP THE BAR REGULARS FOR TIPS, SHE'D DOLE OUT COMPLIMENTS, INTEREST AND FLIRTATION BY THE BUCK, BY THE GLASS. NIGHTS LIKE THAT WITH NO ONE IN THE LOUNGE, EVERY CANDLE LIT, EVERY

SQUEAKY CLEAN ASHTRAY DEAD CENTER, SHE'D SLIDE ME WHISKEY IN A COKE GLASS WITH A SYMPATHETIC LITTLE SMILE AND TURN BACK TO HER CUSTOMERS. GREASING THE WHEELS. I WROTE SURREPTITIOUS LETTERS ON NAPKINS AND TO-GO PLATES AND WATCHED CREEPY MATING RITUALS CARRIED OUT OVER CHARDONNAYS.

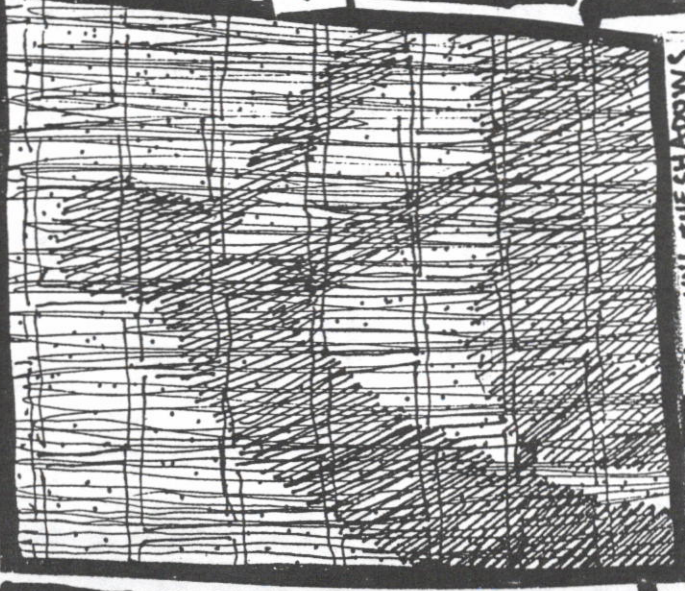
ONE SLOW NIGHT I WAS CLEANING TABLES AND LARRY WAS SINGING LOSER SONGS, SAVING THE GOOD ONES FOR THE CROWD WE ALL HOPED WOULD SHOW UP. HE STARTED PLAYING THAT



AND A LOT OF IT TOO WAS THAT I WAS EXCITED FOR THEM CAUSE OF THE DANGER. 2 MEN FUCKING ON THE STREET @ 11 PM. PAM POISING WHEN BARS WERE NEARBY & OF COURSE I WAS EXCITED TOO CAUSE THEY WERE FUCKING ON THE NEIGHBORS CAR.



ALL DAY HE'D BEEN CLEANING HIS CAR buffin' wax in pallidly, meticulously.



I LIKED WATCHING THE SHADOWS MOVE & CHANGE SLOWLY RHYTHMICALLY IT WAS VERY PRETTY UP AGAINST THE WALL THAT LATE AT NIGHT.



THE NEIGHBOR WAS A REAL ASSHOLE NEW ORLEANS STYLE. SOMEHOW CRIMINAL, FRIENDS WITH COPS, GUN TOTIN', DRUNK GIRL FRIEND ABUSIN' FUCK WAD.

I was livin a good 35 minute bus ride from downtown, so it became very important for me to have something to occupy my time on the bus. This particular day I'd bought an Oregonian & had planned a fine bus ride consumed in the crossword. The #8 came, I hopped on & found a seat in the back corner. About half way home this scary looking crip boy came on & sat down right next to me. I went from contentedly failing at the crossword to being very self-conscious of my painted nails & funny hair. The gangster leaned over and started giving me tips on the puzzle. We started talkin & shared experiences of housemates comin home & finishing your crossword for you. He gave me a few more tips, kickin my ass not only at the daily puzzle but also at my stupid fuckin racist assumptions.



Step 1 ² **BURGER BUNDLES**
 Make quite sure that the heart is really fresh. Cut away the heavy fatty gristle that forms the entry to the heart products.
 Step 2
 Stuff the heart with the stuffing. Using stainless steel wire, make up pins & secure the outer flaps, then lace up the wires with fine strings and tie securely.
 Season the heart and brown this on all sides to develop a deep crusty appearance.



THE HEAT IN NEW ORLEANS WAS ALMOST BEARABLE IF YOU ATE DINNER AT 1AM. SLEPT UNTIL 2PM. STAYED UP TILL 6 LIKE WE DID. IT WAS AT 4AM WE WERE ALL INSIDE TALKING, I WENT OUT IN TO THE ALLEY TO SMOKE.

the fuckers of Hastings Place

WORKING TO SHAPE ME INTO A PROFESSIONAL SERVANT FOR RICH PEOPLE. I KNEW I WOULD MISS PAM, BUT I WAS GRIMLY HAPPY ON MY LAST NIGHT. MY FAVORITE CUSTOMERS ALL CAME IN TO WISH ME LUCK GOING BACK TO COLLEGE AND GIVE ME BIG TIPS. PAM SLID WHISKEYS MY WAY ALL NIGHT. JOSEPH MADE ME A SPECIAL DINNER. DAVID HAD TEARS IN HIS EYES A FEW TIMES. (HE HAD A DAUGHTER MY AGE.)

CHARLIE CAME IN AS USUAL, FELL ASLEEP A FEW TIMES AND BEGAN PESTERING ME TO SING. "NO, NOT TONIGHT." I TOLD HIM WITH A SMILE THAT WAS ALL TEETH, NO EYES. I WAS A VIRGIN, BARELY BEEN KISSED, AND UNCOMFORTABLE WITH MALE SEXUAL ATTENTION, ESPECIALLY FROM A 40-ISH NARCOLEPTIC GUY WHO HUNG OUT EVERY NIGHT IN A LOUNGE IN THE SUBURBS. I HATED

FEELING CHARLIE'S GAZE WHILE I SANG. NO, NO, NO I SAID ALL NIGHT, AND BASKED IN THE COMPLIMENTS AND TIPS FROM ALL THE OTHER CUSTOMERS. PAM ASKED ME TO SING, TOO AND I GOT SHARP. NO, I WAS NOT GOING TO SING TONIGHT. "BABY COME HERE," PAM CALLED ME TO THE END OF THE BAR. "GO GET ME SOME OLIVES FROM THE COOLER."

"OLIVES? BUT I STOCKED THEM ALREADY." HERE YES SHOT ME UP.
 "GO TO THE COOLER."

I WENT INTO THE SILENT, GLEAMING KITCHEN, AND OPENED THE COOLER DOOR. THERE ON THE MIDDLE RACK WAS THE BIGGEST CAKE I HAD EVER SEEN. WHITE FROSTING,

YELLOW AND GREEN FLOWERS. "GOOD LUCK TO OUR Singing Waiters, We'll MISS YOU."

MY THROAT CLOSED UP AND MY STOMACH SLID TO MY SHOES. I WENT BACK OUT TO THE LOUNGE.

"OKAY, OKAY, I'LL SING." LARRY LOOKED AT PAM, PAM LOOKED AT DAVID AND THE MUSIC BEGAN. CHARLIE DROPPED INTO A NERVOUS SNOOZE AT THE BAR. BYVERSE TWO DAVID BROUGHT THE CAKE THROUGH THE DOOR WHILE PAM POINTED AND MOUTHED TO ME THAT THE CAKE WAS FROM CHARLIE. ALL THE OTHER CUSTOMERS WERE SMILING AND ENJOYING THE SCENE. I SANG. THE LAST CHORUS TWICE AND EVERYONE CLAPPED. I COULD BARELY LOOK AT PAM AS I FILLED DRINK ORDERS. NEVER DID SEE CHARLIE LEAVE.

COURSE I'VE NEVER SANG IT SINCE.

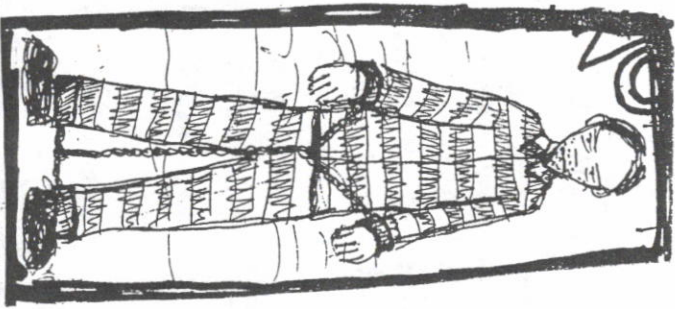
THE AUTOMOBILE

CELEBRATE 100 YEARS OF SOCIAL AND ENVIRONMENTAL DESTRUCTION

USA 15



They were captured at gunpoint, ordered to work or die; they still refused and were



brought before a judge, put in manacles, and, five months after their arrival, finally dismissed.



"My comrades took the train for New York. I had only one dollar, and with this, not knowing either the country



or the language, I had to walk to New York. After forty-two days I arrived in the city utterly exhausted."

Text & story lifted from
A PEOPLE'S HISTORY
OF THE
UNITED STATES
by Howard Zinn

LATE NINETEENTH CENTURY USA

RAILROAD CO.

EST. 1883

HELP WANTED
TO WORK IN OUR
GOOD WORKING
FACTORY

RAILROAD CO.
MADE IN U.S.A.



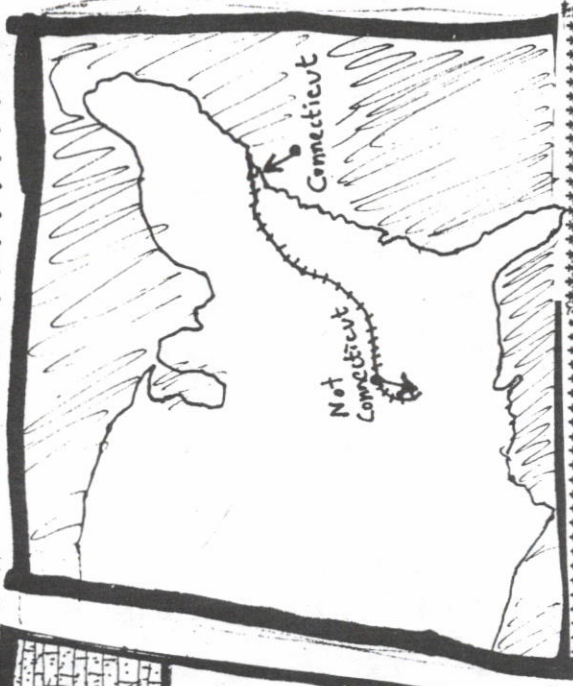
One Italian man, told he was going to
Connecticut to work on the railroad,

was taken instead to sulfate mines in the South,

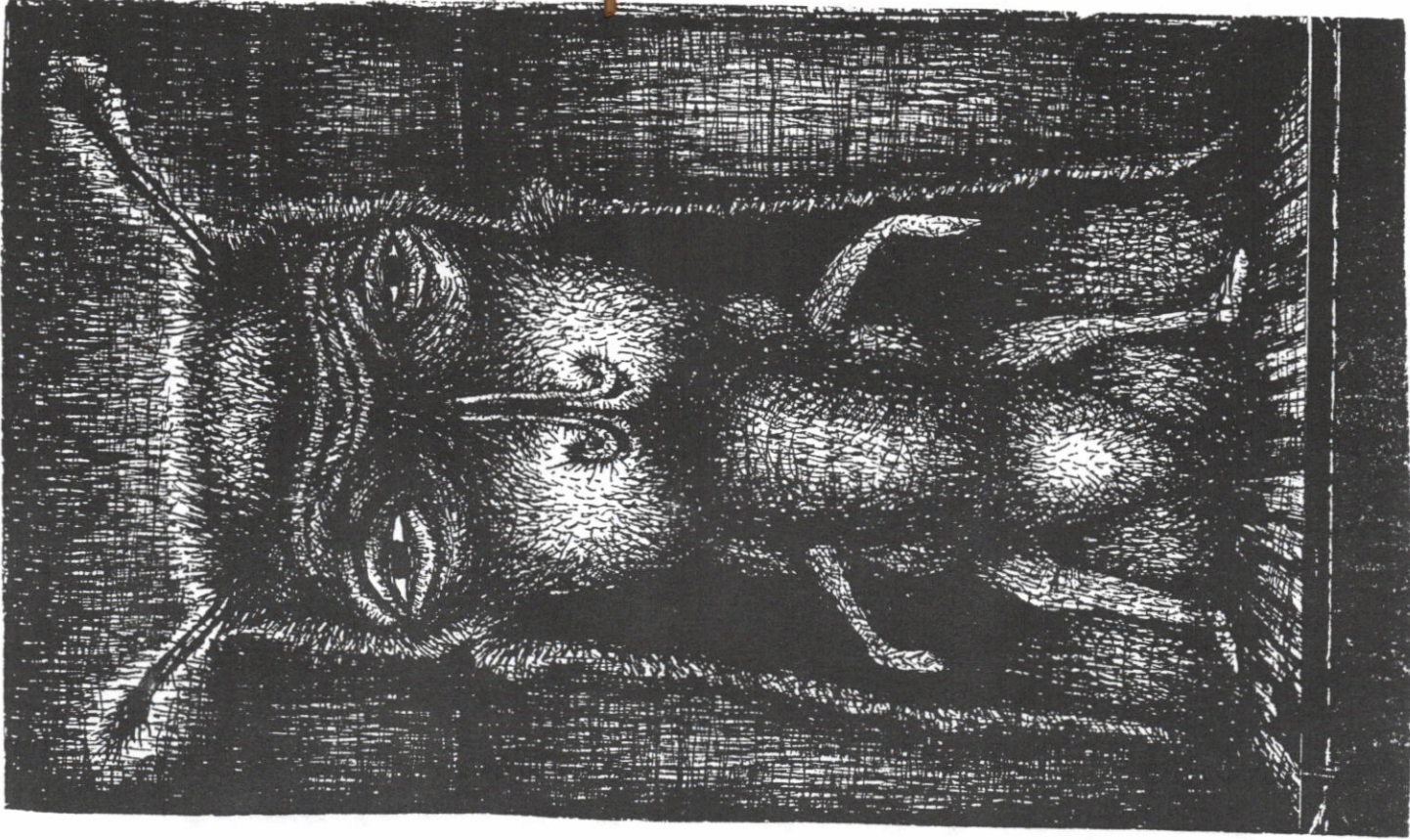


where he and his fellows were watched over by
armed guards in their barracks and in the mines,

given only enough money to pay for their
railroad fare and tools, and very little to eat. He
and others decided to escape.



So much left to do. In the cities sometimes it can feel like were
almost there, that shit is edgy. That community, that bond that comes
from shared poverty, shared resistance from friendship. But sometimes it seems
like were a million miles from any society I wanna live in, & what rabs this
is the suburbs so many fucking burbs, I mean just logistically we don't
have enough revolutionaries to even tear the damn things down & the crazy thing
is were still developing & that's what's gross we haven't even stopp'd the tide
yet & how working class will reach those suburban kids & offer them
something realer than parasite strip malls. I hope & I hope & I hope





POLYNAT

MORE POSTER, MORE STREET SPEAKIN, MORE BUSKIN, MORE DECAPITATION, MORE
 FREE FOOD MORE FREE BOXES MORE GAMES MORE KICK MORE TALKIN, WITH STRANBERS
 MORE GREAT! MORE GARDENS NO MORE BRIDGES NO MORE CONDOS ON THE WATER.
 DON'T PLEASE NO MORE PLANNED VILLAGES MORE SWIMMIN, MORE PICNICS, LESS
 DOCK PLEASE RIOTS? WHEN I WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL AND A LITTLE AFTER THEIR WERE
 YEARLY RIOTS HERE IN PORTLAND NOT LONG AGO RIOTS? SO MANY I GOT BORED
 WITH THEM WITH THEM SICK OF THE DOUBTING OF DEMO TO RIOT SURE PLENTY OF
 FOREPLAY WITH THE COPS BUT THEY WOULDN'T START SHIT TILL YOU SAT DOWN ON
 BROADWAY TILL YOU THREW A BRICK THEN A BANK WINDOW TILL YOU BOMBUSHED
 PIONEER PLACES TILL YOU FUCKED WITH MURDER & I REMEMBER RUNNING AWAY
 FROM ONE & ALMOST RAN SMACK DAB INTO TWO BUSINESSMEN GOIN, HOME FROM
 WORK WITHOUT A CASE OR A CLUE & WE FEELING SCARED & PUNK & INTELLECTUAL
 AROUND ALL THESE HUGE BUILDINGS RUNNING RIOTS? WEU MOSTLY THEY SEEM
 PUNK BUT PORTLAND COULD USE SOME RIOTS RIGHT NOW MORE RIOTS MORE
 LINES OF 40 PEOPLE IN 2ND HAND SUITS EATING RED WHITE & BLUE POTATOES
 DRINKING CASTOR OIL & PUENING GREEN POTATOES BACK UP IN UNISON AT RIOTS
 PLEASE MORE FLEAS NO MORE UNIFORMS NO MORE GUNS MENTALITY MORE
 BIKE GUNS MORE NEW AGE PUBLIC ILLIGAL HERREW MURALS MORE PANDAS ITES
 & MORE SYMBOLS MORE LEAFNIN MORE PUPPETS MORE RAFTS MORE BIKES
 MORE RADIO MORE CABLE ACCESS MORE HANDS HEADS & EYES MORE FREAKS
 MORE BUS LIDIN MORE WALKIN MORE DANCIN MORE HOME MOVIE SHOWS LESS
 CONDOS & MORE ALLEYS MORE SEWING CIRCLES MORE LATE NIGHTS MORE STRIPES
 FLOOD THE LOWLANDS AWAKE THE HILLS BREAK YOUR MIDS FUCK FUCK FUCK
 LESS BULLIES LESS BULLETS LESS BULLCOTS WERE STUCK TOGETHER TIGHT
 MY HEAD'S A MATCH YOUR HEAD'S A MATCH LET'S FIND THE FIRE. CRODSS
 CURENTE CROGSED WIRES CRODSS TALK MIXED MESSAGES CRODSS POLLINATE.

to buy some beer to insure sleep. No luck, just a sleazy country bar & with \$6.00 total in hard cash I skipped it. It was dark now & I couldn't find those fields I'd spotted. I cut my losses & settled for a bushy area right next to some new developments. ~~My~~ My attempt at sleep lasted about 20 minutes as I was attacked viciously by mosquitoes, weird lights (fire bugs), & the last straw - some flicking critter was rustling around right by me & ran into my sweatshirt/pillow. Fuck that, I sat up & showed my evolutionary superiority by flicking my lighter a bunch. I assembled my stuff & 10-15 minutes later had decided that I would continue to an ecosystem I'm less scared of, the town of Kenosha. I made it there late, found a sentry, collected a feast but they would not take my food stamps. I did something I'd never done before & complained to the manager, & he stood up for his worker. Good for him & her but I was shit with luck. I spent the last of my green money on a pack of smokes & some fries & a milkshake. I was tired but I made a plan at the burger joint. I was on 85th & 38th, I was going to go to 1st & 1st, I was gonna find Kenosha's punx, I was gonna get drunk with them, stay at their parents' house, & eat a big breakfast. 1st & 1st however must be in Lake Michigan because I ran into the beach first. It was isolated & while & had some good dunes with trees. I walked down there with my bike & the sound of the tide put me to sleep.

to sleep.
The next morning I found a grocery store in Kenosha that would take me, I got a big breakfast fast & with the change got a coffee, I went to a park & smoked. It was early, 7 or 8 AM & across from the park was a bus stop with a bunch of high schoolers waitin there. A lone punker kid walked up ~~in~~ to the bus stop with a mohawk & a scowl. He looked up & I stared at him, he looked down at his shiny fresh boots & strayed that way until the bus came.
I sailed into Milwaukee in the afternoon, swam in the lake, went to liquor store my cat-sis worked at, got the keys to my aunt's house, ate, showered, & slept. The joy of family.

Kill Your Manager



OF St. James helped
you, manager, kill
him, manager, in his HEAD



GET THEM FUCKIN'



WHEELS SPINNIN' BOY, IT'S TIME TO GO!

City city city city. My plan of getting out of Chicago while my brain still worked was in effect. The day before I had the overwhelming feeling that it was time to go, time to wave the anarchists goodbye, time to be alone for a bit, Milwaukee time. The question of how? was troublesome, I made inquiries into getting a ride with no luck, & that evening I realized I had a bike, it wasn't that for, & was pretty much straight north. I had a nice coastal route planned it was set. Went to the art museum the next day, rubbed the lion statue testicles for good luck & rode NORTH. City city city city. Biking north I kept wondering when the fuck am I gonna leave Chicago. The basic look of the city (brownstones) doesn't change & after an hour, still in Chicago, wind blowing against me, feeling a little houseous, my water jug I'd dropped or broke, I began to think I'd made a mistake. Then boom I was in Evanston & from there about 45 minutes of boozin' Wah suburbs, finally feeling very ill I went to a mall/plaza thing to try & look at a real map. I accidentally ended up talking to this matronly lady @ a pharmacy who's nice & told me about a bike path. She also told me about a way to get there that involved a lot of trespassing, a subversive pride beaming from her. I thanked her & left, tried following her directions, got lost. I did find the bike path, but I didn't get to trespass to do it. The path runs next to the commuter rail line, it's a nice path, half paved & half smooth gravel. I kept stopping & asking how for the path went, noone knew beyond the next town.

Well the path goes almost all the way to the Illinois/Wisconsin border. Maybe 40 miles. Once I got in the shade, out of the wind, & off the road I felt a lot less sick & finally happy & optimistic. I got into some races with some hobby cyclists. They had gear, helmets, spandex, little gadgets on their handle bars, & funny things called gears. I had a 70's schwinn girls bike with all my shit bungeed to a teeny front basket. I felt very tough & I won. At Greer Lakes you switch to the North Shore Bike Path. I wouldn't have found it were it not for the nice fellas at Bill & Jamal's Hot Dog stand who had matching jump suits. They told me the way, I nodded & thanked them & then headed in the exact opposite direction (I'm bad w/ verbal instruction) well they abandoned their stand to chase me for two blocks & point me back in the right direction. Thanks again, gosh I'm dumb & I found the path & it cuts through the middle of the poorer Illinois suburbs. Ghetto/projects in the middle of forest & farmland I had never seen before, & were as comparably bleak as any inner city, except that you could as easily take a like or cow tip as you could get a 40 & cold lamp.

Bad looks, I know, don't count but when I stopped in a video arcade to take a break, & it was full of strapping young navy boys giving me evil eye I felt like I was being given an omen. So I kept going & it was getting to be dusk, I knew I was close (20 miles?) to Kenosha which was my original goal for one day. I'd spotted some fields that looked nice, so I got off the bike path to look for a place

PEANUT BUTTER BROCCOLI CURRY

TO MAKE THIS DISH, YOU WILL NEED TO KNOW HOW TO MAKE A WHITE SAUCE, IF YOU'VE NEVER MADE WHITE SAUCE, IT'S TIME TO LEARN.

MELT HALF A STICK OF BUTTER IN A SMALL SAUCEPAN OVER LOW HEAT. WHEN THE BUTTER IS COMPLETELY LIQUIFIED, ADD WHITE FLOUR, ONE TEASPOON AT A TIME, UNTIL YOU HAVE A STIFF PASTE. SLOWLY ADD MILK, ONE TEASPOON AT A TIME, STIRRING DRILLY UNTIL SAUCE IS A LITTLE RUNNIER THAN GRAVY, THE SAUCE WILL THICKEN WITH TIME, SO YOU WANT IT ON THE MILKY SIDE, NOW YOU HAVE MADE WHITE SAUCE, THE FOUNDATION OF FRENCH CUISINE.

TO TRANSFORM WHITE SAUCE TO PEANUT CURRY SAUCE, SPRINKLE SAUCE WITH ONE TEASPOON CURRY POWDER, STIR AND ADD PEANUT BUTTER ONE TEASPOON AT A TIME. WHEN THOROUGHLY MIXED, SET ASIDE ON VERY LOW HEAT, STIRRING OCCASIONALLY TO KEEP THE SAUCE FROM GETTING A SKIN ON TOP OR SCORCHED ON THE BOTTOM.

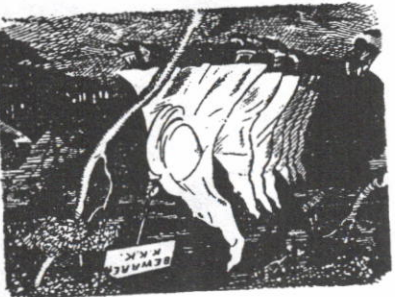
HEAT SESAME OR VEGETABLE OIL IN A WOK OR SKILLET ON HIGH. WHEN IT SIZZLES WHEN YOU SPIT IN IT, ADD REMAINING CURRY POWDER. STIR FOR A MINUTE, THEN ADD CHOPPED GINGER AND STIR SOME MORE. ADD THE TOFU AND FRY UNTIL CRISPY ON THE EDGES. ADD THE BROCCOLI AND STIR UNTIL IT STARTS TO GET TRANS LUSCENT AROUND THE EDGES (YOU DON'T WANT TO OVERCOOK IT) TOSS WITH SOY SAUCE AND A TABLESPOON OF BROWN SUGAR. POUR PEANUT CURRY SAUCE OVER BROCCOLI AND TOFU AND MIX UNTIL COATED. SPRINKLE WITH PEANUTS AND SERVE OVER RICE OR NOODLES.

INGREDIENTS

ONE POUND OF TOFU, CUT INTO STRIPS
DEEP FRIED IS BEST, BUT IF YOU CAN'T FIND THAT, USE RINSED AND PRESSED FIRM TOFU
ONE POUND BROCCOLI, CUT INTO FLORETS
PEEL AND CHOP GINGER INTO ONE INCH LENGTHS
2 TABLESPOONS SESAME OR VEGETABLE OIL
2 TEASPOONS CURRY POWDER OR PASTE
4 INCHES OF FRESH GINGER ROOT, MINCED
SOY SAUCE TO TASTE
ONE TABLESPOON BROWN SUGAR
QUARTER CUP OF PEANUTS
FOR THE SAUCE
HALF A STICK OF BUTTER (QUARTER CUP)
QUARTER CUP OF FLOUR
QUARTER CUP OF MILK
QUARTER CUP OF PEANUT BUTTER

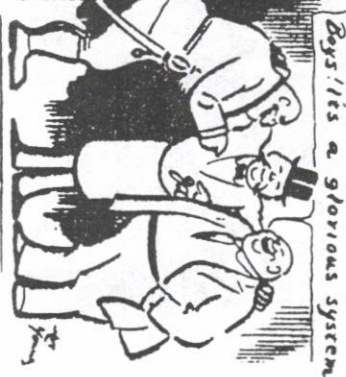
SAUCE CAN BE MADE USING SOY MILK, VEGAN OR GUTEN FREE, WITH DECENT RESULTS. WILL BE SWIMMING IN SAUCE
BE SURE TO USE HALF AS MUCH CORNSTARCH AS YOU

For Youngs

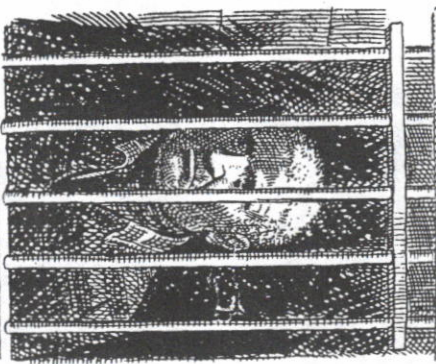


But You Ought to See Him at Night with His Hood On
TIMED HEWAT-IN THE DAYTIME

"Every child is a genius
until it is forced to
surrender to civilization."



PENITENTIARY

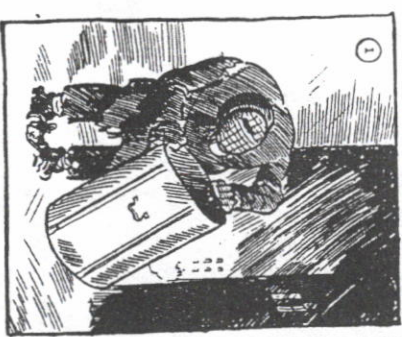


IN JAIL, And Knows It

CAPITALIST SYSTEM

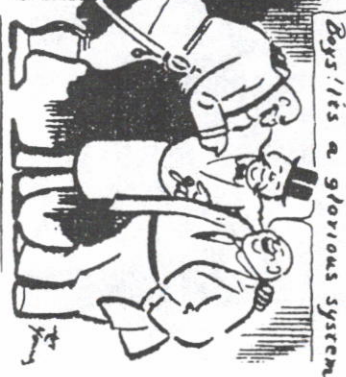


IN JAIL, But Doesn't Know It



PROTEST

KEEPING IT IN THE FAMILY

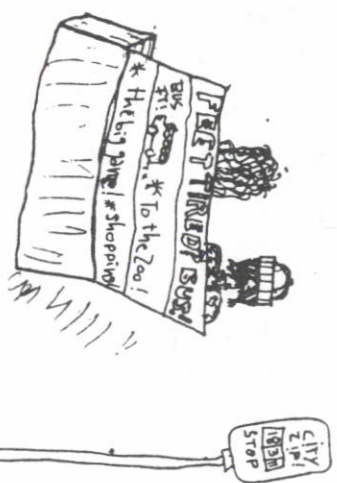


"I see you're working the long
hair adion too."
"Yeah, well, growing it out really.
I just haven't felt like getting
it cut."

"It seems like the whole city's
saying that. It's like big game
of chicken, except for whoever
pulls out first wins. The only
question is who'll do the deed."

"What?"
"Oh, I don't know what I'm talking
about. How's your drink? Too
Sweet?"

"Yeah, just a little. I gotta
get going anywak."
"So long!"

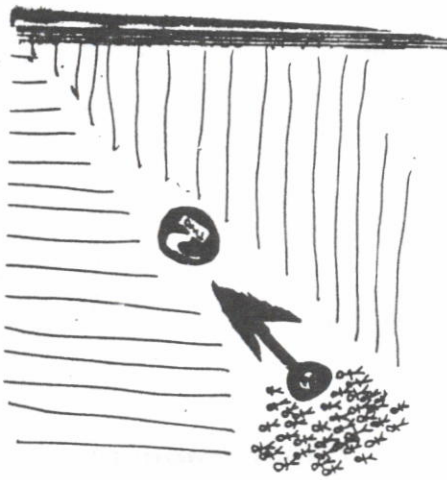


"Long hair gets to be a hassle,
huh? And then there's lice and
all that."

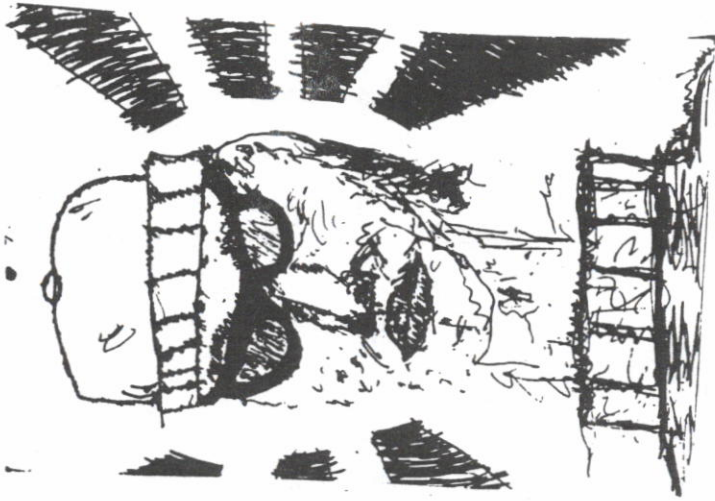


Individuality is sometimes considered effortless, natural, and even unavoidable.

Although this misunderstanding is widespread, a select few comprehend the toil taken on their behalf to ensure "uniqueness."



Publicising their existence would be counterproductive, even immoral to them. These dedicated individualists rarely make a living off their expertise, and only get paid occasionally.



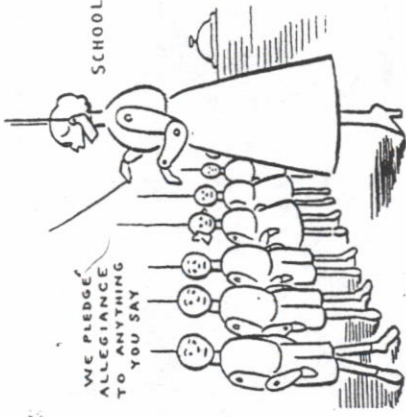
Beyond these select few who are aware of the forces at work, there are other people.

This second, more active, sect is not comprised of fashion magazine editors or crackpot sociologists.

"It's a calling."

Art Young was a funny, fiery, socialist, revolutionary, kid-erationist, IWW supportin' cartoonist in the early 20th century. I was lucky to have a collection of his drawings published in 1936 lent to me. I don't think you can find a collection of his work otherwise. He cut his teeth illustrating The Haymarket Trials in 1887 for the Daily News. I do not know when he died. Art Young kicked ass.

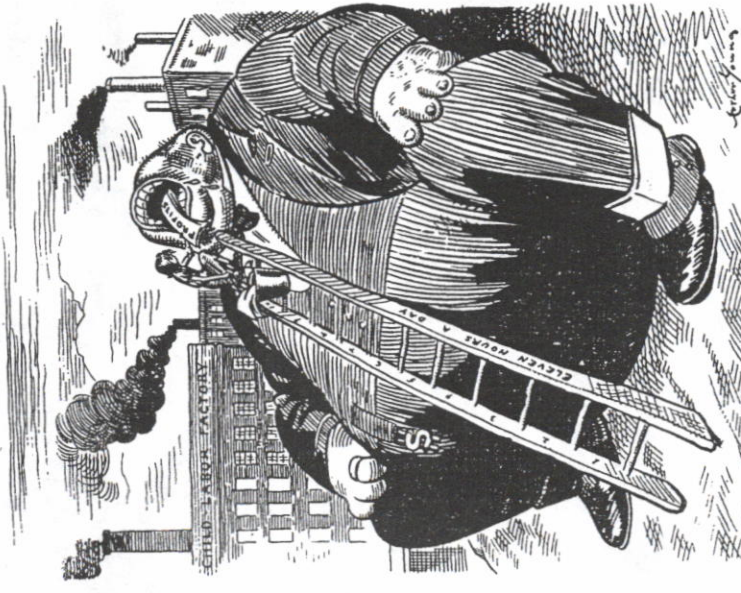
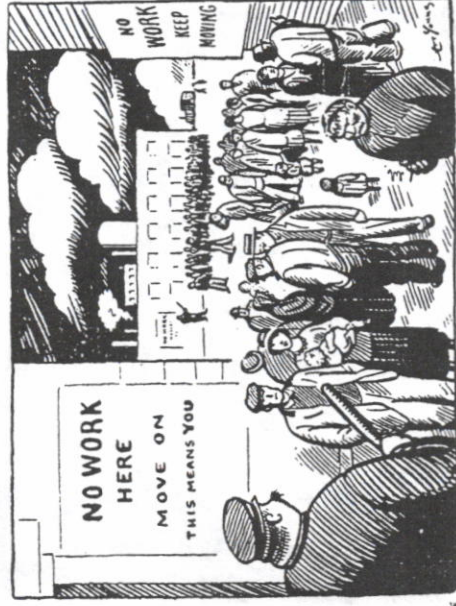
As a choice between accepting the political judgement of the average newspaper owner & my own judgement as to what was best for my country and the future of mankind, I voted in favor of myself. 99



THE PRISONER WHO CAME CLEAN



TWELVE THOUSAND YOUNG MEN KILLED



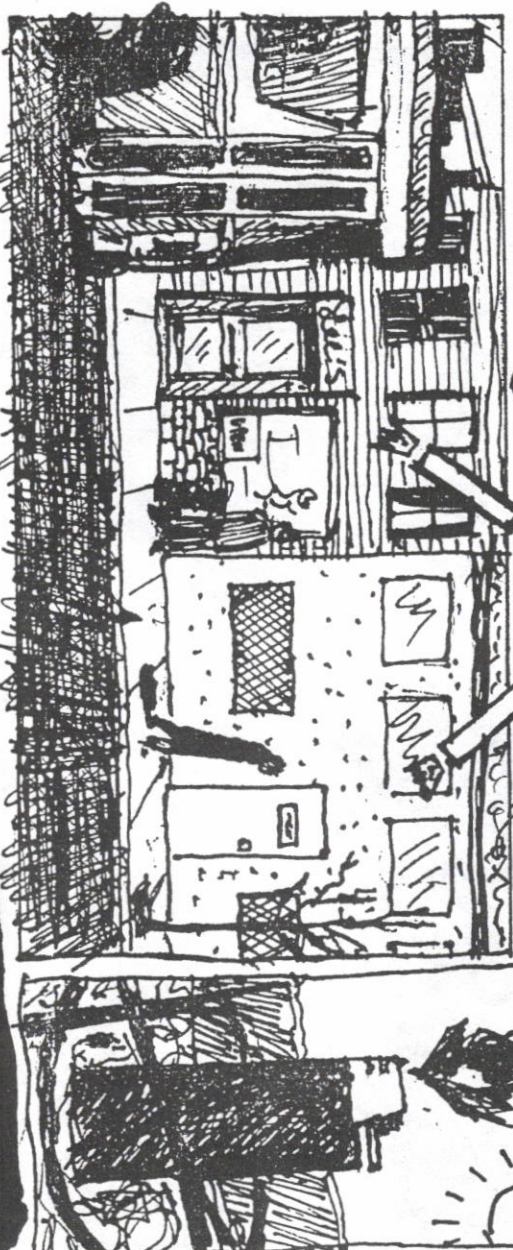
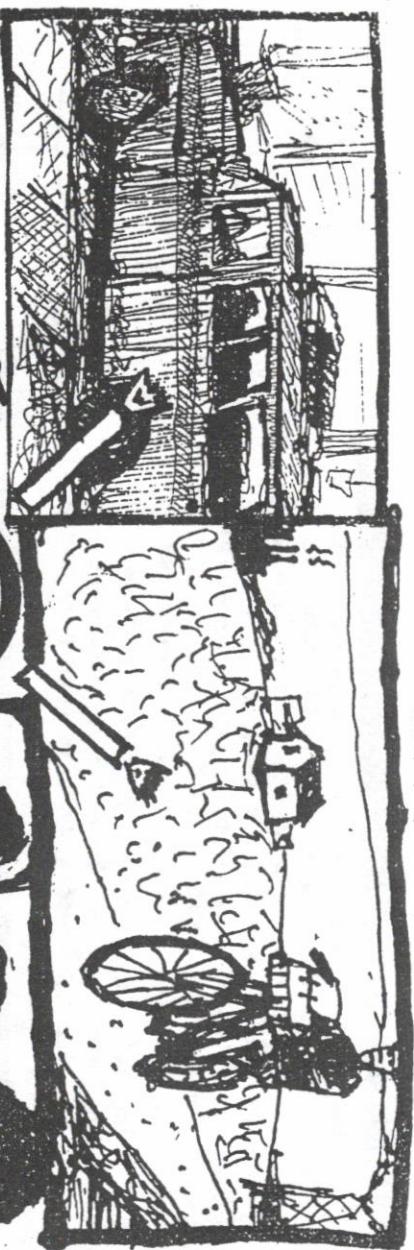
ELEVEN HOURS A DAY

CAPITALISM



KNOWLEDGE

EVERYTHING IS LOVELY



Library Update: I just spoke with a reference librarian who was practically on the verge of tears describing the cuts that they're making & the branches that are getting shut down (the North Portland is saved but Wilson closes, Hollywood saved, Belmont closed), lots of layoffs too, & sadly sadly no more books to jais, no more backmobile! & they're also closing central on Sundays & Mondays! they're also bringing a star-bux in for \$. WE ARE FUCKED.

When they arrived at the clinic, the lovely veterinarian was waiting for them. She was surprised to see them, but didn't seem to suspect anything untoward. With reined-in intensity, Erik told her the cat had somehow gotten out of the apartment and been attacked by a dog. In its weakened state it hadn't been able to defend itself. The vet seemed upset and concerned, as did Erik. They exchanged worried looks, his more agitated than hers, and spoke in terse, pregnant sentences. She held the cat's bleeding stump between her narrow fingers and looked at the bone popping out from it. When she touched it the cat shivered in pain. After she took his cat back to the operating room, Erik congratulated himself on his self-possession. In a time of crisis, he had behaved calmly and proficiently. A veterinarian would surely find that admirable.

She returned soon with the cat sedated in her arms. The cat's leg and tail were bandaged. Erik expressed his great gratitude for her work, and offered to repay her with lunch. Although she declined graciously, she seemed genuinely disappointed to have to. As he was about to leave, she reached towards him and held his hand while they shared a meaningful look. Although she had declined his offer of lunch, Erik felt elated upon leaving the vet. They had shared a moment. He could tell that she was warning to him.

That night Erik awoke in his bed laughing. He couldn't remember his happy dream, but the damp, cold, early morning air outside his window looked soft and warm, and his cat, lying asleep across the room, seemed so peaceful and at ease. He smiled at his stitched, bandaged cat slumbering. Erik decided to stay home from work that day.

On his way to the kitchen to make coffee, Erik found his cat's paw and tail sitting on the living room floor in a pool of dried blood. He picked them up and tossed them in the garbage and then sponged up the spot. He filled the cat's food bowl and spent the morning reading the newspaper and thinking about the night before. The way their fingers had braided together beneath the cat's body as their eyes met. Her smile was so inviting. As he polished each word they had spoken to each other in his mind, his one-eyed cat limped into the room. It was too medicated to feel fear towards Erik when he lifted it up and deposited it at its food bowl. Erik stroked his cat's back as it tried to eat, extending his long strokes up along a now imaginary tail, gripping the empty air like a mime. While he did this with his right hand, he passed his left hand through the empty space where his cat's hind leg used to be, as if through a flame.

As the day wore on, Erik kept thinking about the veterinarian. The more he knecded his memory of the night before, the more impelled he felt to see her again. Just one more meeting and something irreversible would happen between them, he was certain. He looked at his cat lying on the sofa, breathing softly. Finally he went to his cabinet to find his punning sheers. This time the cat was too sedated to wake up at all when Erik sliced off its ears. Even as Erik lopped off its legs one by one, his cat only half-heartedly cried out when the bones cracked.

When he deposited his cat's legless, tailless, earless body on the vet's counter, Erik was sobbing. He loved his disappearing cat. He told the beautiful veterinarian his cat had been run over by a thrasher. This time she spent no time examining the cat's bleeding wounds there on the counter, but immediately scooped it up and rushed it into the back, to the operating room. A smear of blood marked the counter where the cat had rested. Erik wiped it up with a magazine, crying.

When the lovely vet finally emerged from the back, she looked fatigued. She was covered in Erik's cat's blood, shaking her head compassionately. Even in her blood-smeared smock, with wisps of black hair falling across her face, Erik found her utterly enchanting. Her prognosis was mixed: the cat would live, but would never move again. Its life would depend on the constant care of Erik. He would have to feed it fluids with an eyedropper and turn it regularly to avoid total muscle atrophy.

This time she accepted his invitation for lunch. They sat in the frozen yogurt store next door to the clinic and talked for hours. Erik told her all about his cat, its little eccentricities and eating habits, where the rest of its litter now lived, the way it had bit his hand playfully when he touched its belly. The vet in turn shared things about herself with Erik. It turned out they had much in common, and although the circumstances of their conversation were somewhat grim, they soon found themselves laughing like children together. When they parted, Erik holding the barely breathing remains of his cat wrapped in a sanitary blanket, they promised to speak again soon, and exchanged phone numbers.

The next day, when Erik brought in the lifeless head of his cat, plucked of whiskers, the lovely veterinarian stepped from behind the counter and embraced him tenderly. Where the cat had been, a beautiful, brand new love had grown.

THE disappearing cat

When Erik got home from work, as soon as his key rattled in the keyhole, the cat started crying. It was a loud, piercing wail from just inside the door. Immediately Erik was worried. This had never happened before. As he opened the door, light reflected off one of the cat's eyes. It stood motionless in the darkened hallway, gazing up at Erik, wailing like a deflating balloon. When Erik bent down to comfort the cat, he noticed that half its face was wet, and one of its eye sockets was puckered shut with yellowish fluid oozing out. Erik quickly realized that one of his cat's eyeballs had been gouged out.

Erik took the cat to the vet immediately. He didn't even try to ascertain how the cat lost its eyeball. He just rushed to the vet.

He was glad he did, too, for when he arrived with the crying cat bundled in his arms, there waiting on the other side of the counter was the most beautiful, exhausted veterinarian at the end of her shift that he had ever seen. Her black hair was in a french bob, his favorite, and, though mussed, neatly framed the sharp angles of her elegant face. She had bags under her dark, sparkling eyes and her thin wrists were traced with upraised veins. Erik glanced at her fingers to locate a wedding band. Seeing none, his heart leapt.

He tried to contain his excitement as he deposited the howling cat on the counter and explained the little he knew regarding its condition. The vet's delicate eyebrows knitted as she prodded the cat's dripping eyesocket. Erik watched her other hand caress the cat's tensed back as she lowered her face towards the bleeding hole, her full lips in a pout. She then cradled Erik's cat into her arms and, turning gracefully, walked through the swinging doors into the back. Erik waited in the waiting room for half an hour. He scrolled over the exchange he had just had with the beautiful veterinarian, hoping he had managed to sound sufficiently concerned about his cat's lost eye. He hoped she had interpreted all his nervousness as pure love for his cat. That would impress a girl like this, he imagined, her being a veterinarian.

Eventually, a different veterinarian emerged from the back, cradling his sleeping cat. This vet was not the same one he had given the cat to, and much homelier. The cat's eye had been stitched shut and its face had been cleaned of blood and mucus. The vet told Erik that the stitches would dissolve eventually and that the cat would be fine, albeit one-eyed. Erik thanked the homely vet and left. He considered asking about the first vet, but didn't. On the way to the car he comforted himself, recognizing that to ask about the beautiful vet would have appeared crass in this circumstance. And under any conditions, it would have been rude to the homely veterinarian. His intentions would have been transparent.

The whole next day Erik spent thinking about the beautiful vet. He rewound the memory of her pouting lips descending towards his crying cat and played it over and over again. He didn't want to think about anything else. He thought of her turning away from him with his cat in her arms. He remembered the note of concern quivering in his voice as they had conspired to save the cat. He doubted she saw many men come in who seemed so focused in their concern for their pet. He decided to go home early since he couldn't concentrate anyway.

When he got home the cat was sleeping. Erik sat down and watched the cat sleep for a few minutes, its jet black ribcage rising and falling with breath. For a cat, it was a slow, sleeping breath. He imagined the beautiful vet at the clinic as he sat alone in his apartment watching his one-eyed cat curled up in a ball. He wondered if she had thought about him that day at all. He had to admit, she hadn't seemed particularly struck by him the night before. But she had been tired then. It was earlier in her shift now; maybe if he saw her earlier she would be more apt to notice him. He looked down at the cat, knocked out from its medicine. Poor little guy, lost its eye yesterday.

Erik walked into the kitchen to cut himself a slice of cheese. The knife's serrated blade cut through the cheese smoothly. Erik cut himself a few slices, arranged them on a plate with some crackers, and returned to the living room. His cat hadn't moved. Muted, overcast light from the window weakly lit the room. When he finished his cheese and crackers, Erik went back into the kitchen and returned with the block of cheese and the knife. He sat cutting thin slices of cheese and eating them while he watched his cat sleep. He thought of the beautiful vet's wrists and how gently her fingers had touched the cat's oozing eye socket. She had been so unhesitant. Her lack of squeamishness was a real turn on.

Thinking of the bravery with which the lovely vet had examined his cat emboldened Erik. He crossed the room to the cat and leaned over it with the knife in his hand. The cat didn't even rouse from its sleep at first as Erik took its tiny back paw in his hand and began sawing away at it with his serrated knife. It awakened quickly, though, and abruptly began to shriek and struggle. Erik quickened his strokes, pinning the cat's thrashing body between his legs, and within a few moments he had severed the last tendon. He held his cat's rear left paw, along with a stretch of its lower leg, in his hand like a fork for a moment and then put it aside. The cat continued howling and trying to break loose but Erik remained squatting on top of it, refusing to let it go. He grabbed its tail and quickly sawed it off as well.



① ICKY - HERE IS THIS PARAGRAPH
I WROTE ABOUT 3 YEARS AGO. I REPEAT
there was this time after i
killed my friend robert, that
i could not be alone, i was
never alone at my house, unless
i was asleep, cause if i was
alone, i started thinking about
the killing, and then i would be
in this space between life and
death that i had entered when i
killed him, and it was too much
to think about, and i quit
writing then too, cause
whenever i sat down to write
(i would be alone) and i would
think about the killing, then
sometimes i would start to
write about it, but i would get
too weirded out and stop. there
was a huge pile of unanswered
letters on my desk, i couldn't
write anyone, but now that
space i entered is HAHHA more
manageable...and when i think
about your nosedive i might
i think this article might
be a good thing in it.

YOU MAY KNOW OF SOMEONE WHO WISHES TO KILL THEMSELVES, PERHAPS THEY ARE TOO SICK TO DO IT
THEMSELVES, OR WOULD RATHER HAVE SOME ASSISTANCE. SOMEONE WHO WITNESSED AN ASSISTED SUICIDE
I DID, RECENTLY FOUND MYSELF TRYING TO REMEMBER THE RECIPE, AS HE HAS BEEN CALLED UPON TO
HELP ANOTHER FRIEND DIE, YOU COULD FIND YOURSELF THINKING THAT YOU WOULD NEVER BE IN A
SITUATION THAT WOULD WARRANT YOU SAVING THIS ARTICLE, BUT AS THE PLAGUE INFECTS MORE
AND MORE PEOPLE THE CHANCES KEEP INCREASING - AFTERALL, I NEVER BELIEVED THAT I WOULD
KILL ANYONE. NOW ITS BEEN 7 MONTHS SINCE THAT DEATH, AND I KNOW I WOULD DO IT AGAIN
IF ASKED.



COMFREY



MULLEIN



COLTS
FOOT



GARLIC

A FEW TEAS TO GET

THROUGH THE NASTY FLU

1. Mullein & peppermint. Very simple and it tasted good. Mullein is good for coughs, sinus infections, & sore throats. It's also a painkiller and might make you sleepy. (It's cheap too - gd)
 2. Grog - fresh ginger, fresh garlic, and lemon. Slice the ginger and garlic (you want about a thumb sized hunk of ginger and between half to a whole cluster of garlic), put them in a pot of cold water and bring it to a boil. Turn the heat down and let simmer for 20 - 30 minutes. Squeeze the lemon in and add some honey and a little cayenne too. This should knock anything out of you especially if you drink several cups right when you start to feel sick.
 3. Boneset, licorice, coltsfoot, alfalfa, elecampane, comfrey leaf, mullein, peppermint.
- Boneset - is used for all type of fevers, aches, chills and colds. Coltsfoot - is an expectorant and good for all respiratory ailments. Elecampane - also good for coughs and pleurisy. Licorice - good for sore throats, coughs, and is a blood cleanser. Alfalfa - good for all ailments, nourishing, and will clean you out. Comfrey leaf - good for the respiratory system, is a tonic, and broken bones.
- So the amounts of herbs for your tea is up to you but I say use around 1/2 to 1 tablespoon of each one. You can either pour boiling water over the herbs in a pan and let steep or start with cold water and bring them to a boil and then let them steep. Boneset is slightly bitter so you might want to add more peppermint, licorice or chamomile to cover up the taste.

A COUPLE OF BOOKS ABOUT BRINGING ON YOUR PERIOD

Hot Pants - an amazing booklet with simple easy to follow recipes. Lots of information about dealing with stis, common parasites, and periods. For information & orders write Hot Pants

CP 871 Succ. C
Montreal Qu, Canada
H2L 4L6

The Fruit Of The Tree Of Knowledge, Herbal Abortion. This book has a lot of information. It's pretty expensive but very intensive.

Unj M Flament
sage femme
3457 N. University suite #120
Peoria, IL 61604-1332

Herbs For Self Defense - This is more like a zine. It has lots of information from the above books, it's cheap and well thought out.

Herbs For Self Defense
11024 Montgomery NE #104
Albuquerque, NM 87111

- Arika Dolebee



LICORICE



PENNYROYAL



MUGWORT



ELECAMPE

At a ripe 8am maybe 9 or 7 I woke up to a high school football team training. Arika, Skat & Duwayne still sleeping I set out to find some coffee. That was a long walk as all there was was houses, warehouses, the high school & a gas station. I saw a pedestrian bridge over the freeway & walked right into it. I felt a little out of place, not being Italian & people treated me that way too, but I did finally find an Italian bakery just opening, got some coffee, & then found a couch in an alley I really expected to see some 1993 Sam bunnies; but I did not. I scrawled out week the roads, & sat down & had my first smoke of the day.

In Madison I woke up early again. The truck I'd parked in a field next to some train tracks in the middle of town, ideal. I walked around & got lost, red is covered my bearing thru a college kid warning me about the weeds downtown. It was a very pretty morning, the streets empty & dirty still from last night. Most people were sleeping in on their Sunday. I stole a paper, ate bread, got some coffee, & I thoroughly enjoyed myself on a bench.

In South Dakota I woke up before Duwayne & Arika again. It was a blur to me of where we were, as I'd fallen asleep while we were still moving & somehow they'd set up the bed w/out disturbing my slumber. We were parked next to a tankyard, the sky was big & gray & it was warm.

A few years ago Daniel & I drove to Saskatchewan to meet her dad, the small town preacher. My friend Scate (a native Montanan) told me "if you're in a small town, make sure you wave to everyone. People will only thank you're a freak if you don't wave." So in my trips through Montana & the Dakotas since then, this has become one of my favorite past-times, if not a full blown waving-at-everyone obsession.

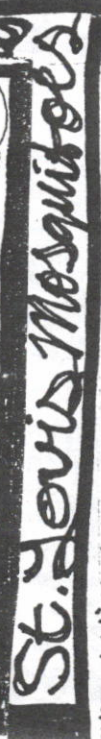
And so walking around in the early morning in this teeny tiny South Dakota town I was getting all the waves, sometimes with a cautious glance but greeting me regardless. I'd got my coffee, sat on top of a train for my first smoke & then walked back to the gas station for a refill. On the way back, this guy was loading some shit out of a bar into his pickup, looked up & saw me, so I waved but he didn't wave back. In fact he looked like he wanted to kick my ass. I cut across a vacant lot, back through the train yard & then onto the road where the truck (our truck) was parked. And walking back on that road the pickup came barreling down the road, half off actually, very fast aiming right at me. His hood guard said Rembrandt. I jumped out of the way, his german shepherd barked at me, the rifle in his rifle rack excited me, & the look on his face lets me know it wasn't no accident. At least I wasn't stuck here, with him. We left pretty quietly after that for no reason connected to my attempted murder.

In New Orleans I'd wake up early, make some coffee, & then sit in the warm rain & feel no fear of the lightning, liking it to get closer, louder, & brighter.

I woke up early in Minneapolis (actually I never went to sleep) & at sunrise took the trail down to Cedar Lake to the secret beach, stripped naked, swam & felt great till I saw a water snake. I made a hasty retreat back to the shore & made a fire out of dead branches & read & wrote.

I'm back in Portland now sleeping till noon & the house is always empty when I get up (although I'm still getting up earlier when Duwayne & Arika).





killing. Arika was asking if I was ok? I said, but no was the truth, I was
 not ok. ~~and~~ Skot & I walked around the rest area, the night air feeling good after the
 stuffiness of truck. I read all I could at the info booth & it said Arkansas has 17,000 rivers
 2-46,000 acres of water. I went back into the truck to try & sleep again but heat,
 skelters, & a nagging fear of suffocation prevented it. It seemed to prevent anyone else too
 so @ 3 AM after some deliberation we left & continued north. We crashed about 2 hours
 later in a small town behind a mini mart with many less mosquitoes. I woke up early took
 the dogs for a long walk, then later we all went to the grocery store for food. After
 being closely followed throughout the store by clerks, skot & I went out back to check
 the dumpster. Any pretensions I have of being a good scavenger are clearly blown out
 of the water by skot. I'd find a rotting head of cabbage & he'd come back with a
 cantaloupe, a box of tomatoes, & some apples. I'd find a doctor's magazine about resorts
 & he'd come back with the complete works of dostoevsky & a copy of Z magazine.
 I am not exaggerating.

This was very obvious in St. Louis. We went to some outdoor produce market & scored a huge feast & then went to a huge park & ate & slept. Afrika & I went to art museum 15 minutes before closing, giving me just enough time to find the Jenny Holzer piece & to poop. In the evening we explore St. Louis to the best of our ability. Later that night we find the hipster street on the edge of town, & it's weird - my fascination with hipster streets/areas, because I loathe them and I never want to see too much hipness (the after effect of growing up in the NW) but a little, just a little gives you an idea some things are happening. I, at this point, had fallen in love with this big dirty city with wide streets & lots of alleys, and was pretty much ready to pounce on anyone who looked decent, but this street was filled with the very worst raverhippy collegiate crowd, & I didn't even see a flier that looked half way interesting. We drove the truck to a warehouse district, parked next to a school sports field & slept.

STUNOD: DONUTS SPELLED BACKWARDS - IDIOT "THAT GUY A FUCKING STUNOD"
 RENNYYWOODS OPEN: F.H DOWN. "YOUR KENNYWOODS OPEN" - FIFTYBISH SLANG FROM M102 BOWSHEN
 LOWER DECK: NE PDX BETWEEN MUK & 15TH & PRESCOTT & FLEMONT. "REAL ESTATE IN THE LOWER DECK IS BOOMING!"
 SEVERE TIRE DAMAGE:
 LUGAN: CANADIAN TERM - HYBRID OF RED-NECK & HESHER "LUGANA oughta be called Lu LUGAN"
 A.F.U.: ALL FUCKED UP "WEEBOW HOWS BILL doing?" "A.F.U." "Ain't too bad."
 F.U.B.A.R.: Fucked Up Beyond All Repair "The truck is fubar"

St. Louis is big & beautiful & run down. I was excited about getting there, but really when we got there all 4 of us were at the end of our ropes. The night before we'd parked the truck at a rest area in Arkansas & the - it was amazing - the mosquitoes had a full on blitzkrieg with us. We burnt incense covered ourselves in Calengula but it not stop em. WHAM. There were hundred of them, & four of us, & two dogs, Arkansas in August, in the Apache, fucking hot moist, I tried to lay down & sleep but I couldn't, moved to the front seat & started killing. I smashed at least 70 on the windshield & I was drinking & killing or

ave d 6:30 am
systematic chaos
sylvester
chaos
spray glitter
pacifier
orange
sore
smoke
leather
teeth
litter
cruiser
fright
at
pop
vitamin
packs
strawberry
old
dead
bars
blood
aching
feet
mothers
how
im
in
all
inside
me
one
armed
muscles
firing
to
broom
well
kept
proper
hand
camping
into
a
brought
lings
thru
a
grid
fun
of
obsessive
finger
with
knowledge
of
the
lights
blackest
space
hollow
day
much
go
on
outside
and
as
right
going
on
inside
I
try
now
on
Ave
only
not
to
sleep
to
wanting
to
*
your
face

CARL STORZ
Happo On This Mountain

JEFFERY NULL

BUSH OF FIVE STRINGS BAND

FFERY NULL

CARL STOR
Hanks On The Movie

97x a reading frenzy
valentine

t. greenwood n.

A Perfect Day For

START

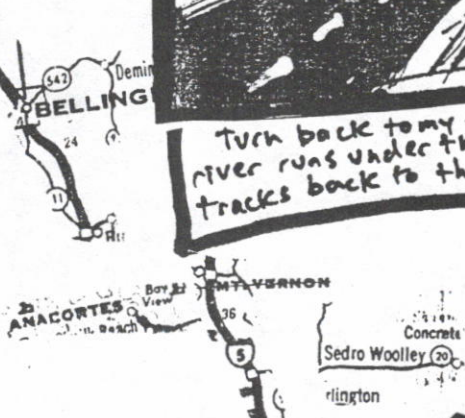
Yesterday was beautiful
Following the Squalicum River
up from the sound through Bham

FINISH

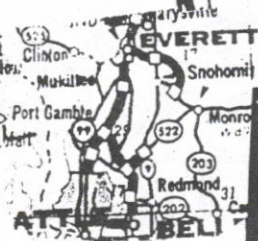
What is a beautiful
day? 55° & sunny &
Crisp, too much time &
almost no friends.



Turn back to my friends house when the
river runs under the train & follow the
tracks back to their place



high school girls skipping school
on the boulder smoking thru the park



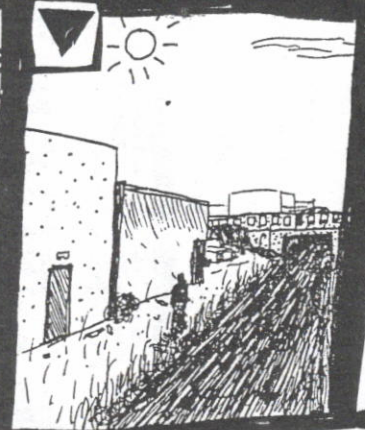
Trying to walk down the river & not the
road sometimes I get trapped by black-
berries & then I have to back track
which I HATE.



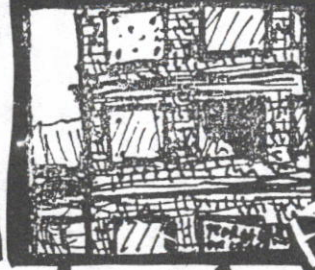
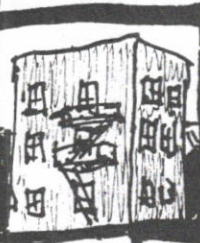
& up through the city, behind strip malls
& underneath roads, as I get more into
trespassing I get more paranoid too stoned
& I break from the river & walk

I reassessed my goal & head north through
town to try & find the river I saw the
other day. Almost gave up & cut through
a hospital, a last chance, I find the river
down a hill on the other side!

My friends live in the "bad" part of
Bellingham, but I'm only scared when I walk
by the high school right when school gets out
& I feel guilty & stupid about that fear.



around town. Beautiful small
Washington towns, the ghosts
seen so obvious there



Mt. Vernon,
Port Angeles, Pasco,
Ellensburg, etc...
obvious? at least more obvious
than Portland/Seattle, they haven't
found the green or purple paint
yet

Bellingham

Centralia

Bremerton